Oakeley.

Six Part-Songs.

Six Part-Songs

for male voices,

(T. T. B. B.)

COMPOSED FOR & DEDICATED TO THE

EDINBURGH UNIVERSITY MUSICAL SOCIETY,

BY

H. S. OAKELEY,

MUS. DOC., & PROF. MUS. UNIV. EDIN^R.

Price Complete 1/=
N^os 1 - 2, 3 - 4, 5 - 6 } 4^d each two N^os

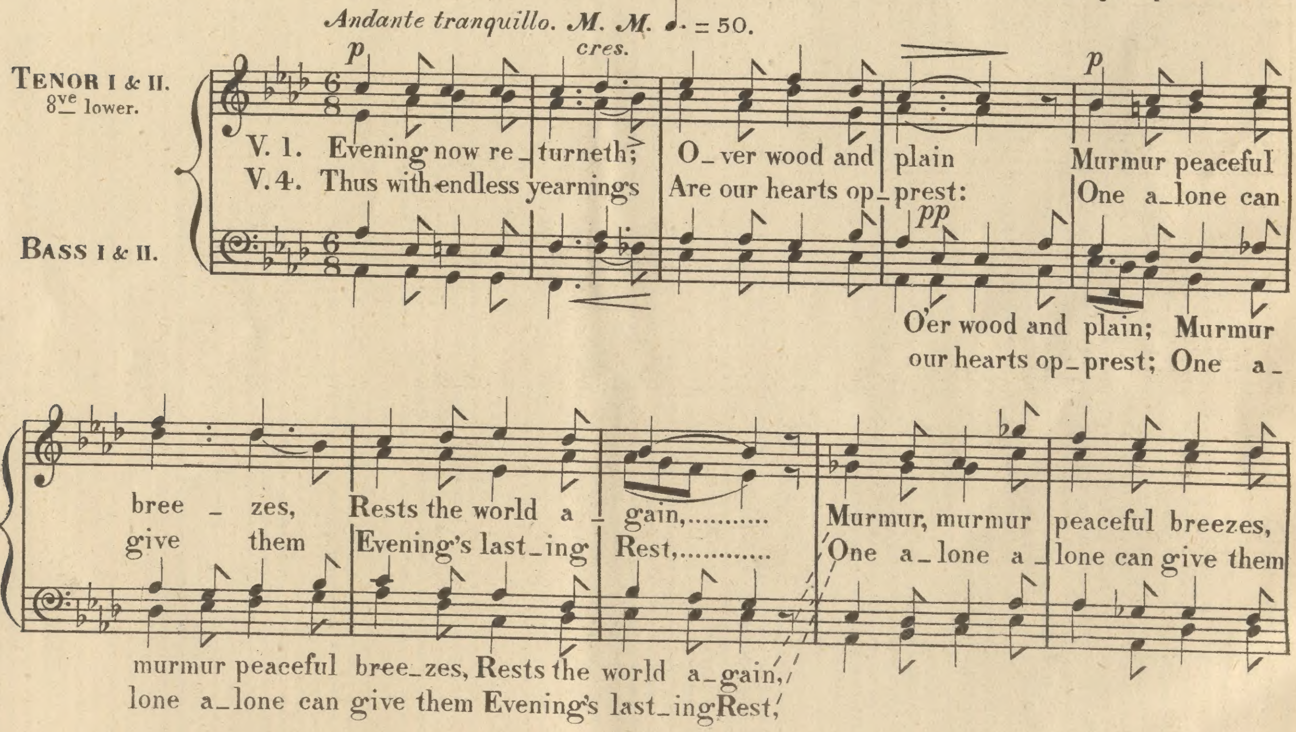
OP. 17.

LONDON _ NOVELLO, EWER & Cº
1, BERNERS STREET, W. & 35, POULTRY, E.C.

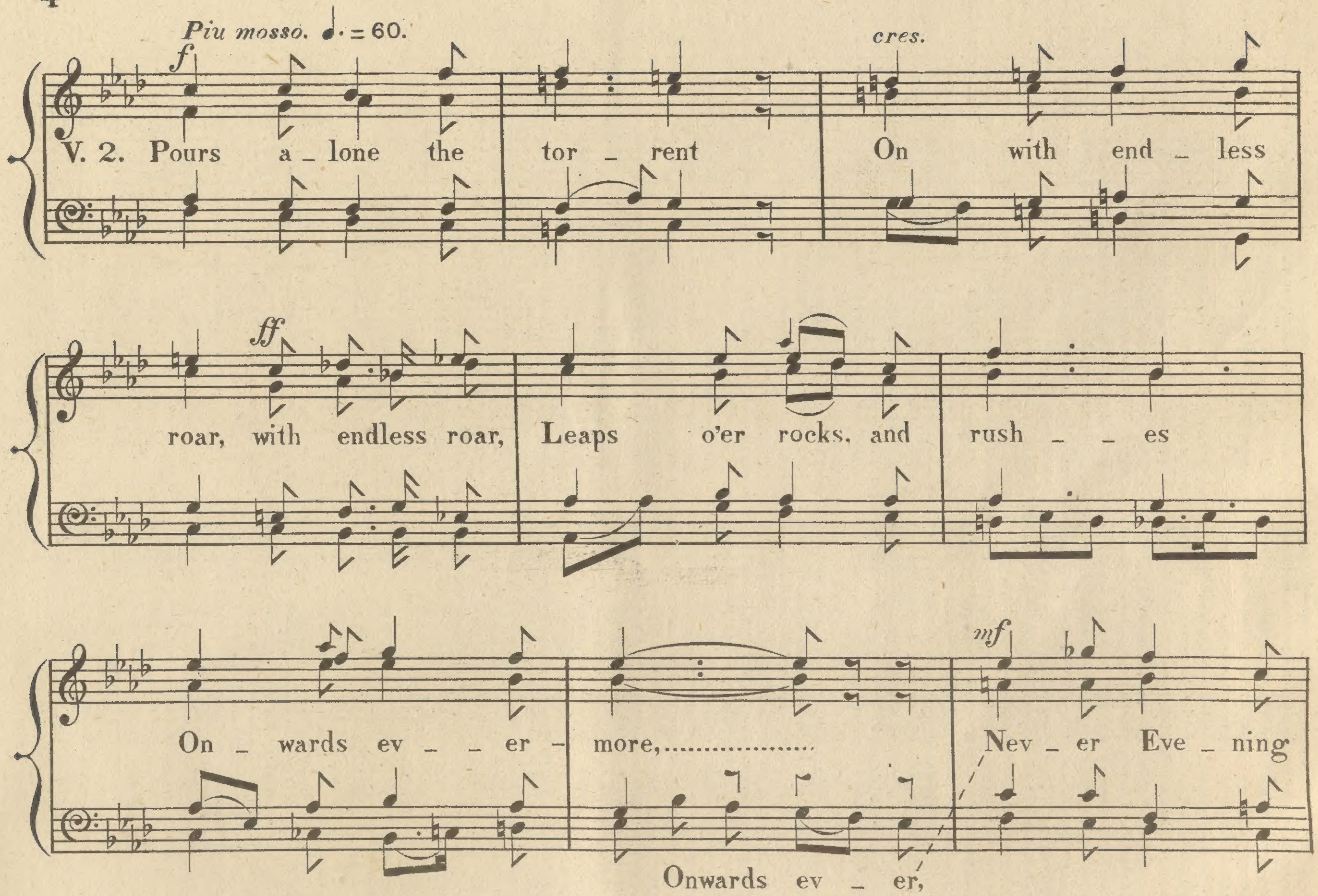
EVENING SONG.

Translated from Hoffmann von Fallersleben,
by H. S. O.

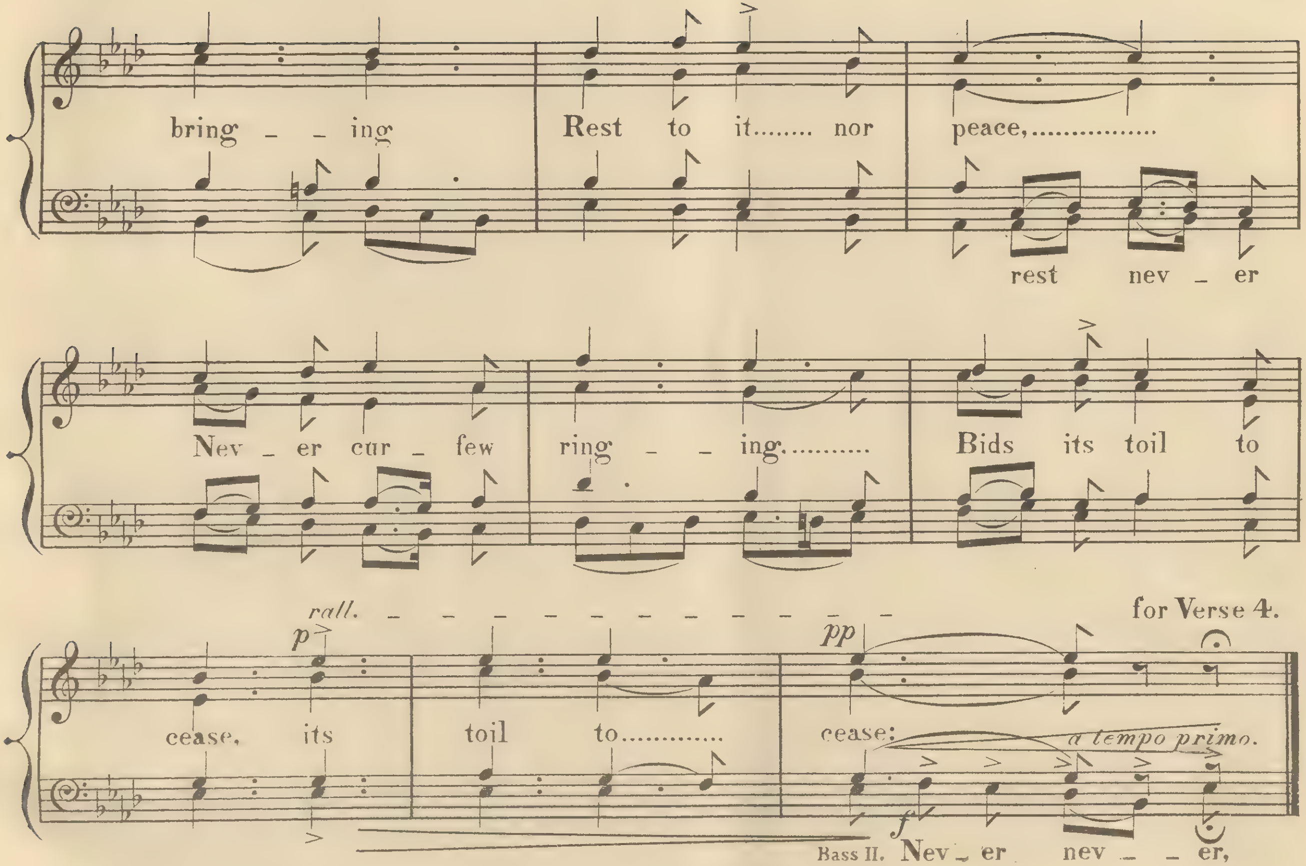
H. S. Oakeley, Op. 17, No. 1.




cres.
cres.
Rests the world _ the world a _ gain, Rests the world _ the
Eve _ nings last _ _ ing last _ ing Rest, Eve _ ning's last _ ing
world, Rests the world a _ gain, Rests the world a _ _ gain the
Eve _ ning's last _ ing Rest, Eve _ ning's true and ev _ _ er-
p
pp
pp
world a _ gain, Rests......... the world a _ _ gain.........
last _ ing Rest, Eve _ _ ning's last _ ing Rest..........
Rests the world a _ gain the
Eve _ ning's true and ev _ er -



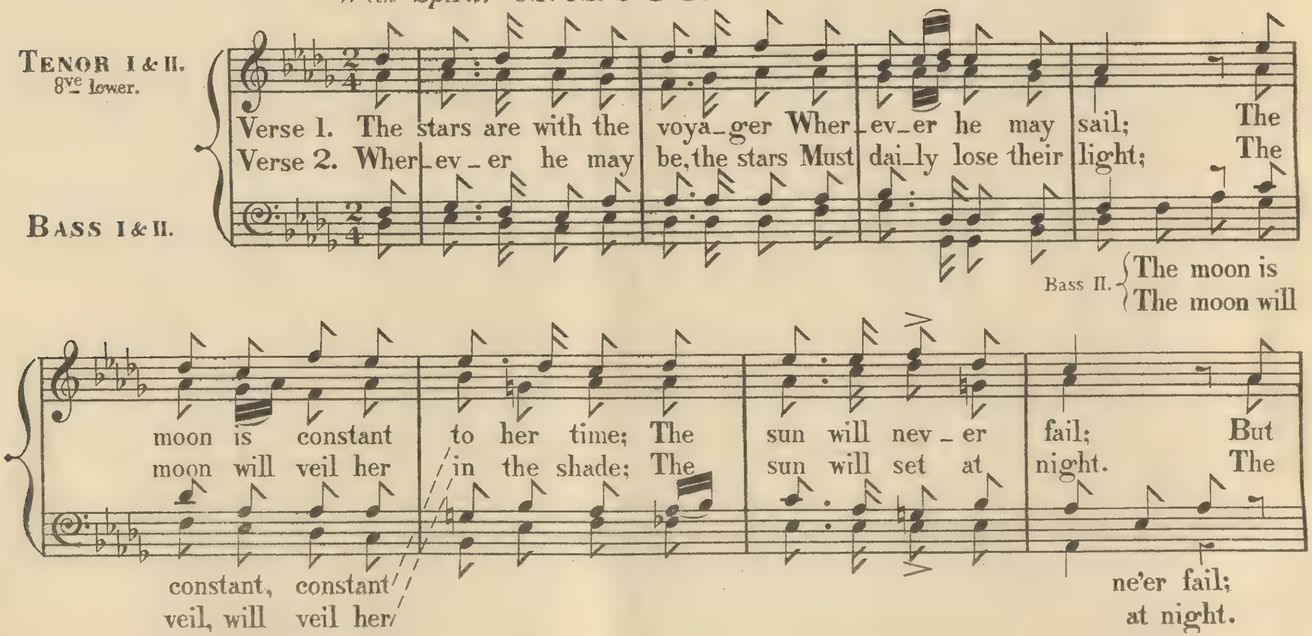
H. S. OAKELEY, OP. 17. No 1.

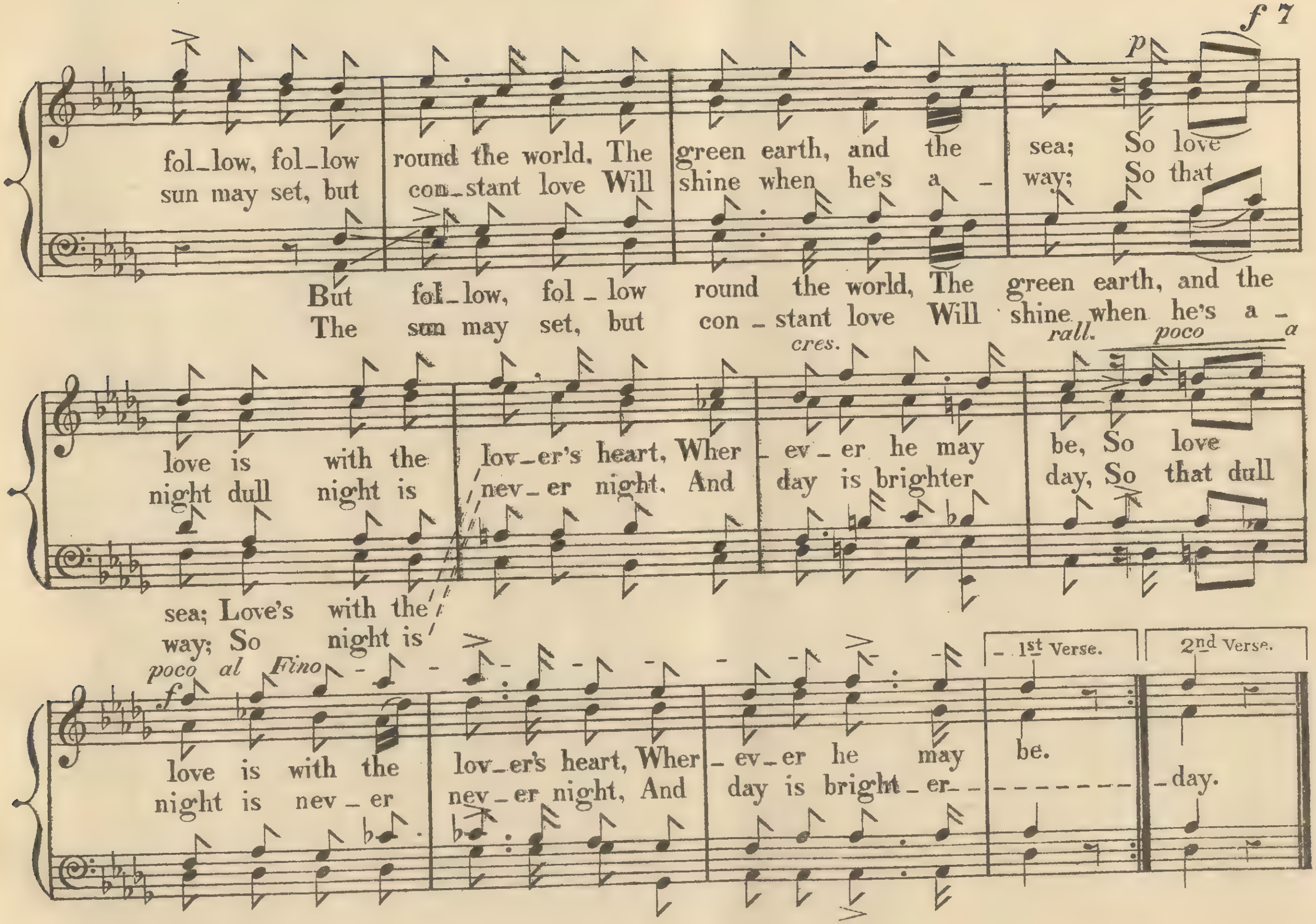

bring - - ing
Rest to it........ nor
peace,................
rest nev - er
Nev - er cur - few
ring - - ing...........
Bids its toil to
rall.
for Verse 4.
p
pp
cease, its
toil to.............
cease:
a tempo primo.
f
Bass II. Nev - er nev - - er,

TRUE LOVE.

Words by T. Hood. H. S. Oakeley, Op. 17. No 2.

With Spirit. *M. M.* ♩ = 80.

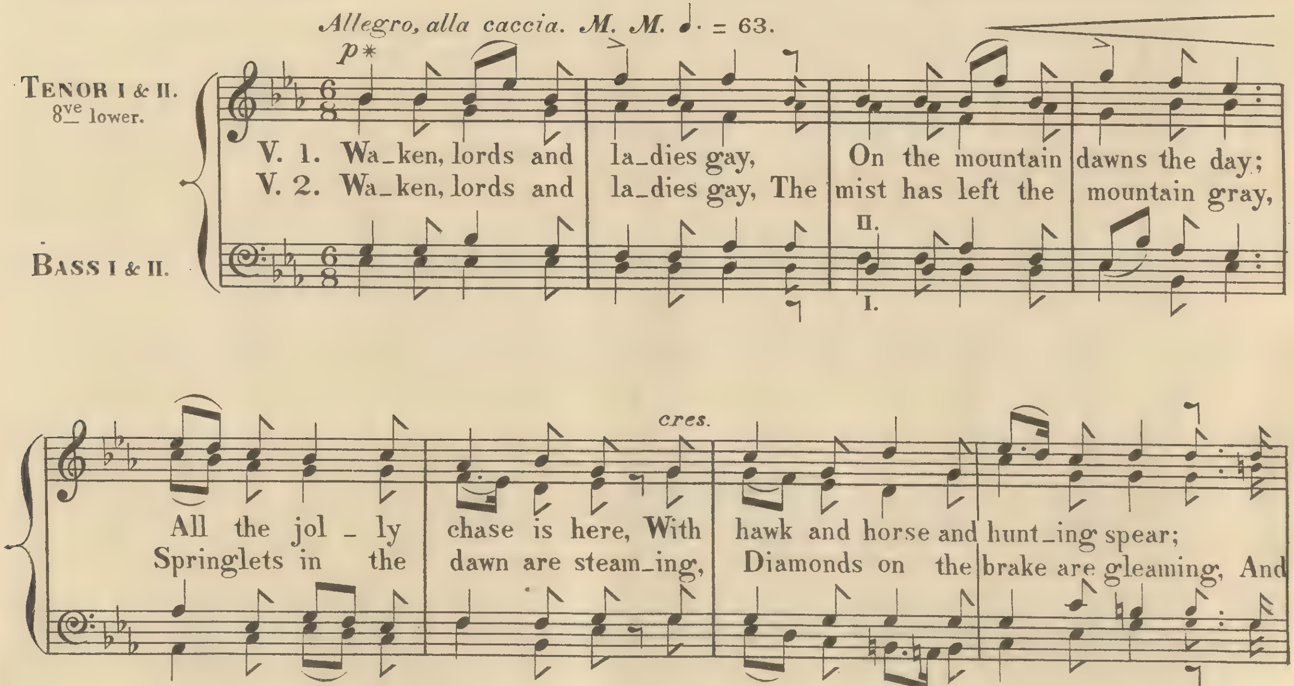



fol_low, fol_low round the world, The green earth, and the sea; So love
sun may set, but con_stant love Will shine when he's a - way; So that
But fol_low, fol_low round the world, The green earth, and the
The sun may set, but con_stant love Will shine when he's a -
cres.
rall. poco a
love is with the lov_er's heart, Wher - ev_er he may be, So love
night dull night is nev_er night. And day is brighter day, So that dull
sea; Love's with the
way; So night is
poco al Fino
1st Verse.
2nd Verse.
love is with the lov_er's heart, Wher - ev_er he may be.
night is nev_er nev_er night, And day is bright_er - - day.

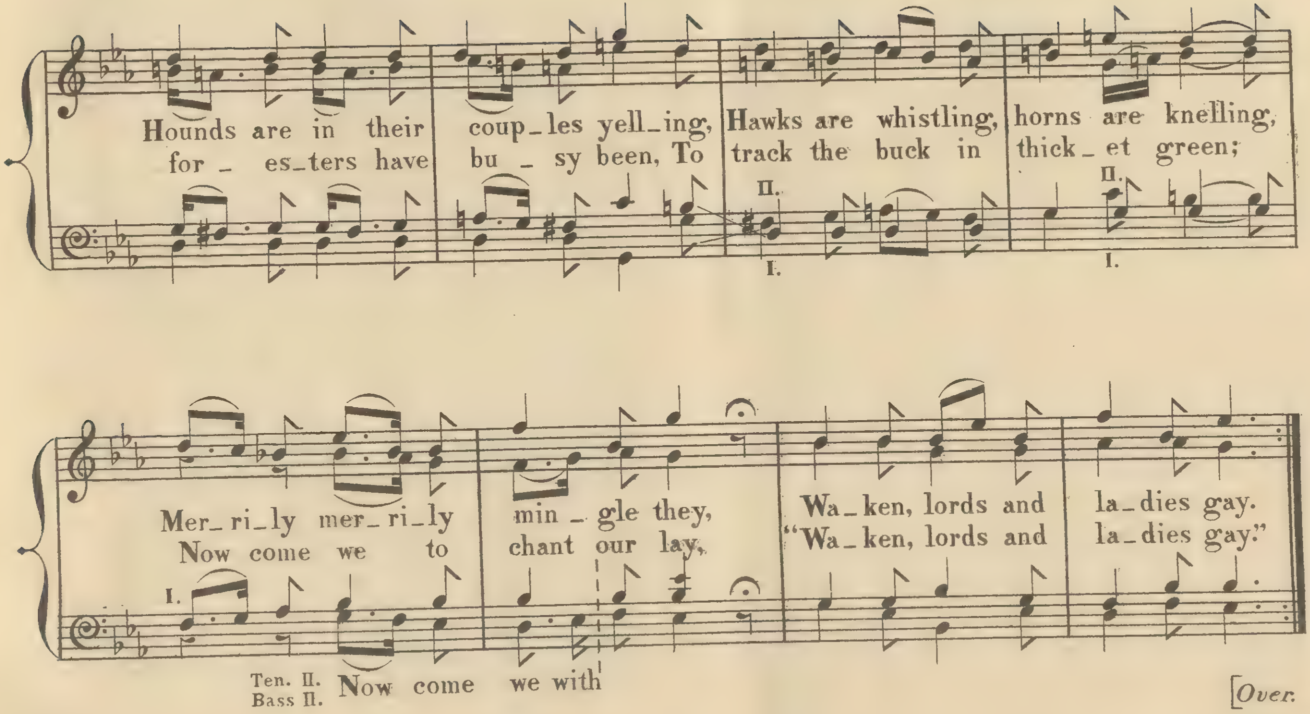
HUNTING SONG.

Words by Sir W. Scott.

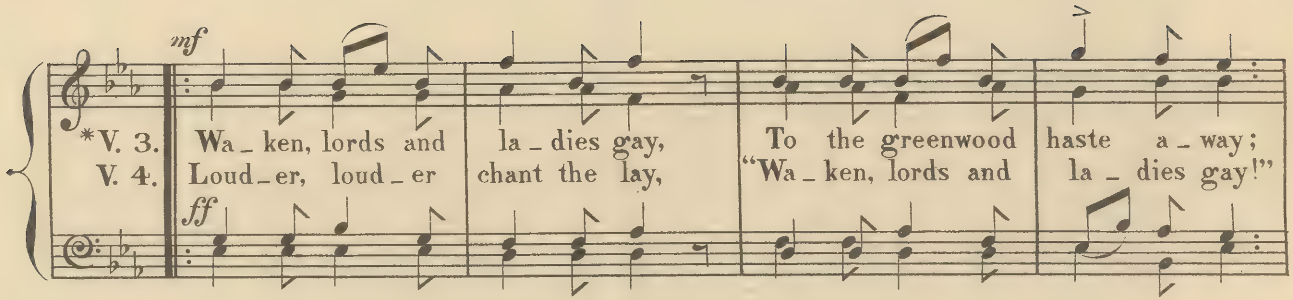
H. S. Oakeley, Op. 17, Nº 3.

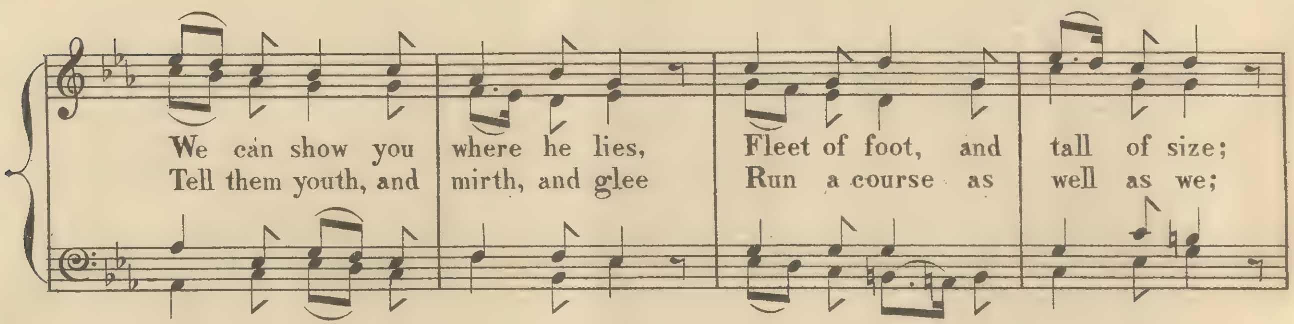


[*Sempre crescendo — from *Pianissimo* to *Fortissimo* — between Verses 1 & 4.]

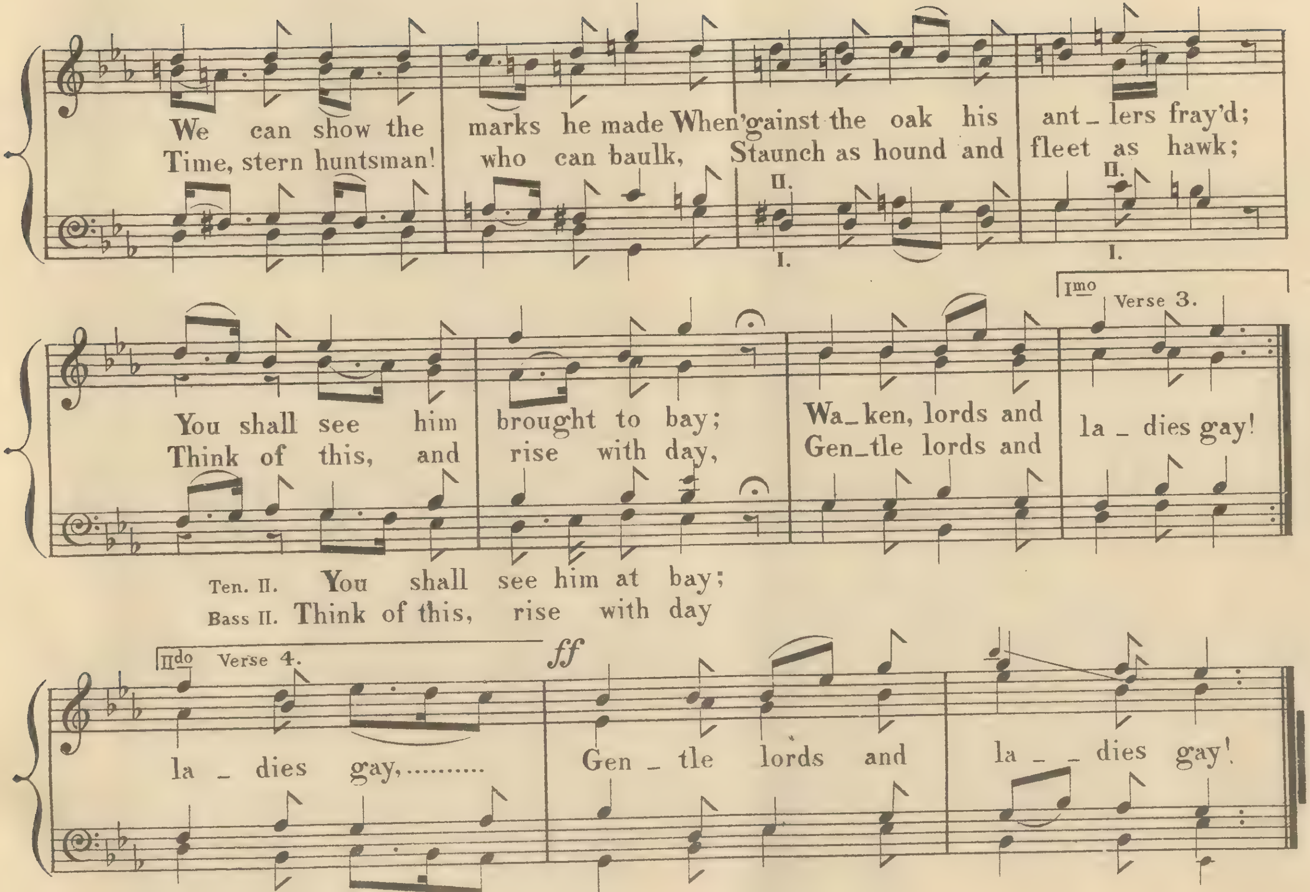

Hounds are in their coup_les yell_ing, Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
for _ es_ters have bu _ sy been, To track the buck in thick _ et green;
II.
I.
II.
I.
Mer_ri_ly mer_ri_ly min _ gle they, Wa_ken, lords and la_dies gay.
Now come we to chant our lay, "Wa_ken, lords and la_dies gay."
I.
Ten. II.
Bass II.
Now come we with

[Over.





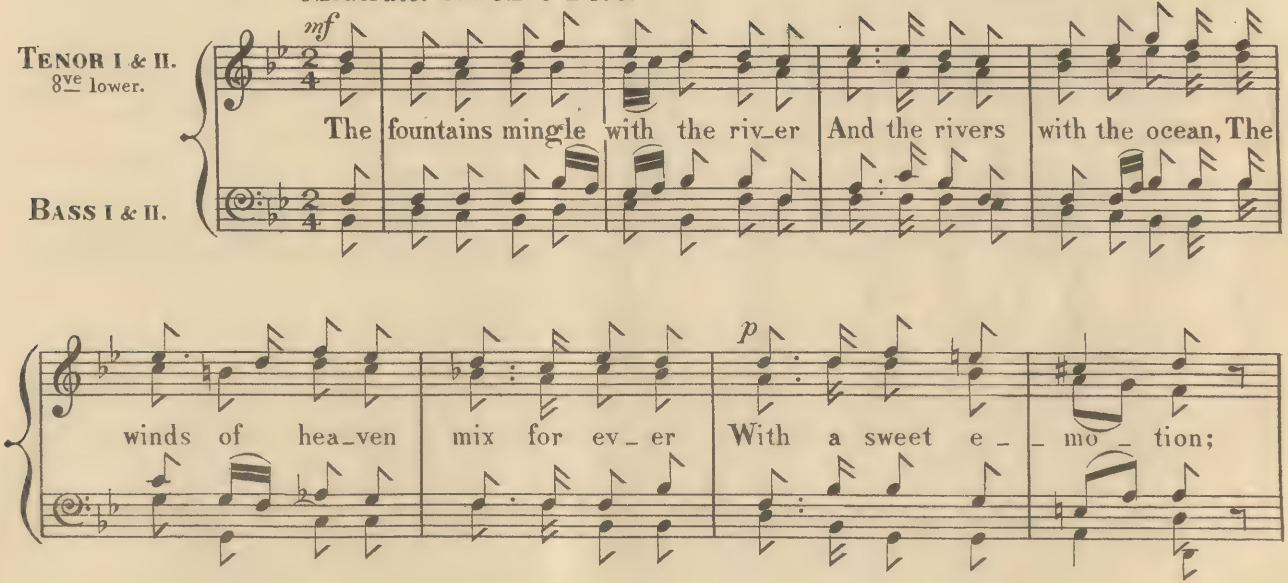
*Verse 3 may be omitted, *ad lib.*

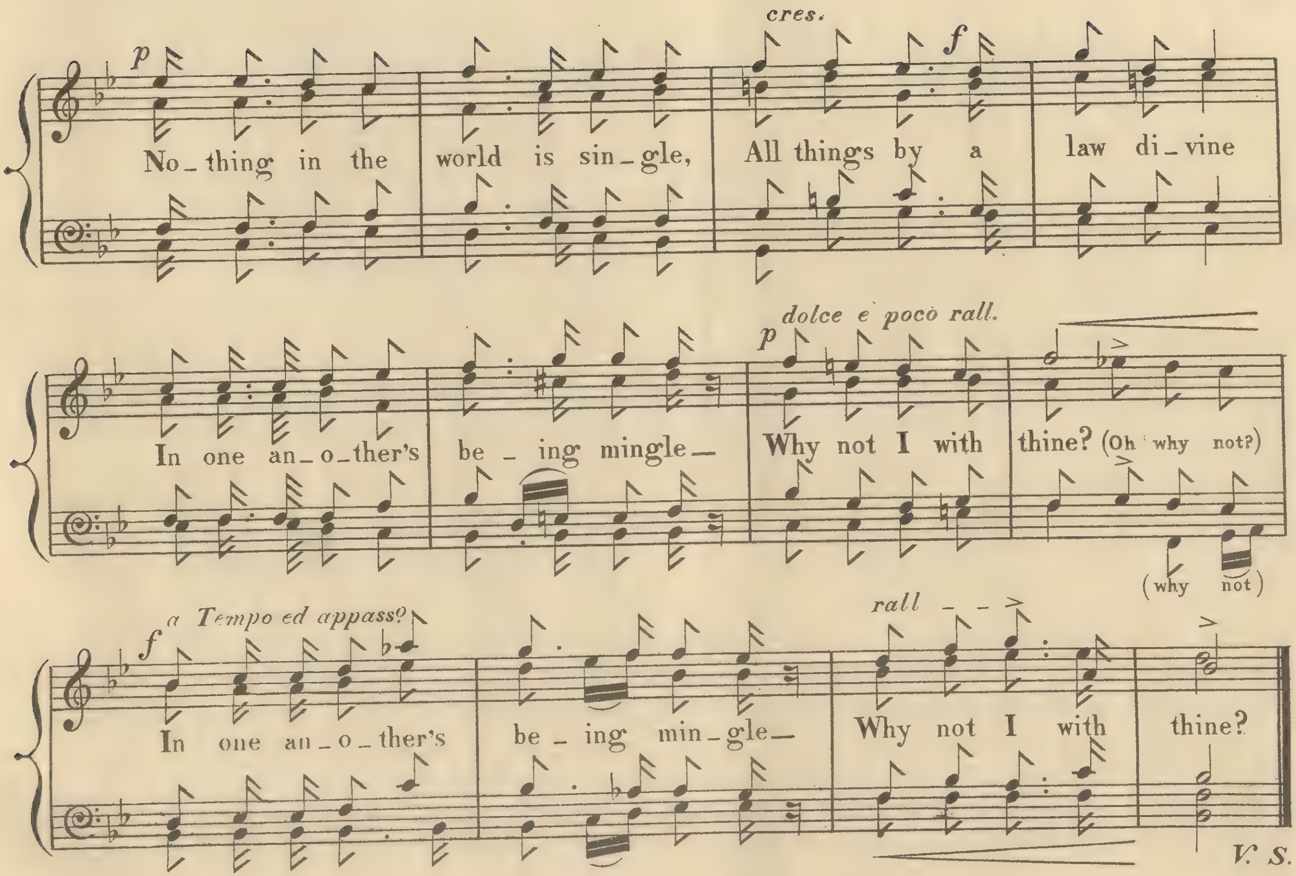

We can show the marks he made When'gainst the oak his ant_lers fray'd;
Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk, Staunch as hound and fleet as hawk;
II.
I.
II.
I.
You shall see him brought to bay;
Think of this, and rise with day,
Imo
Verse 3.
Wa_ken, lords and la_dies gay!
Gen_tle lords and
Ten. II. You shall see him at bay;
Bass II. Think of this, rise with day
IIdo
Verse 4.
ff
la_dies gay,..........
Gen_tle lords and la_ _dies gay!

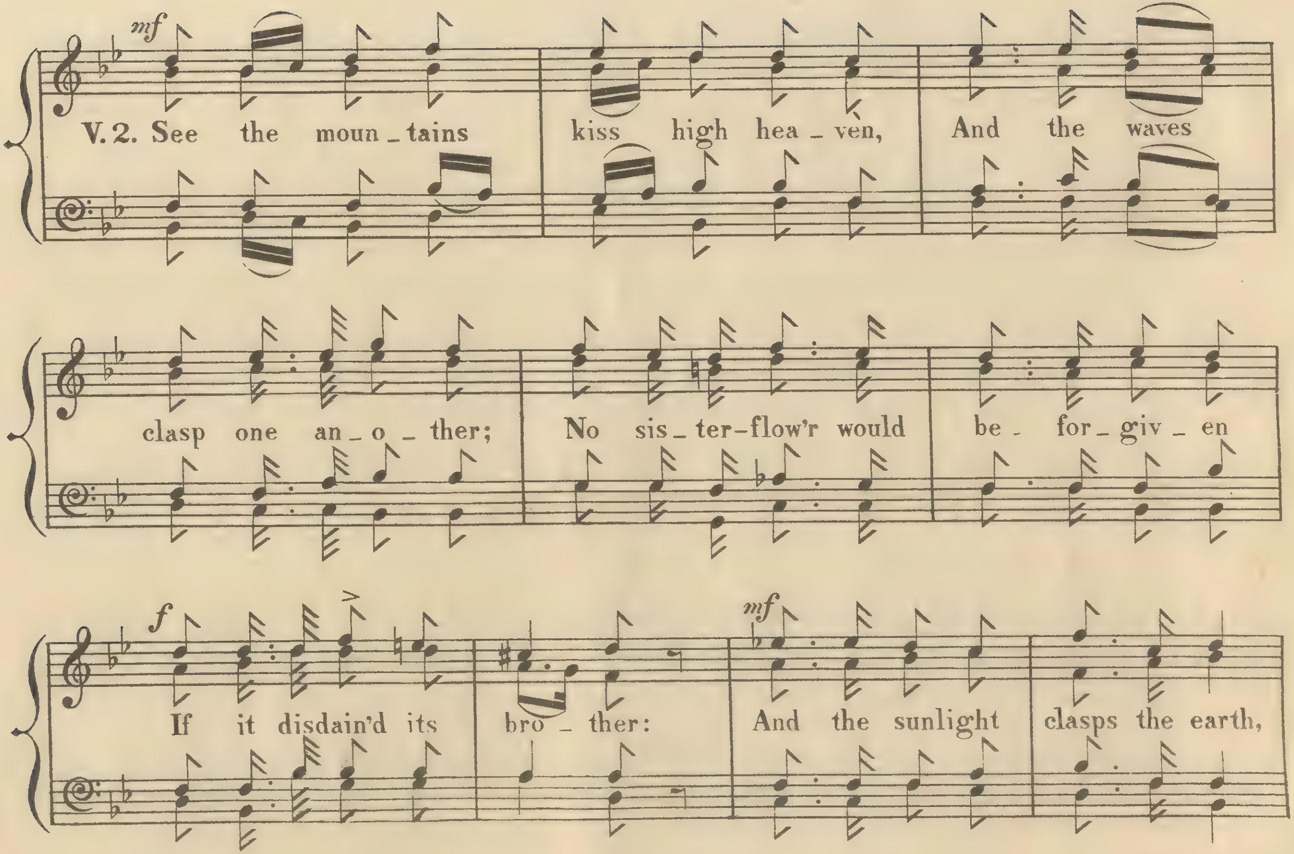
LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY.

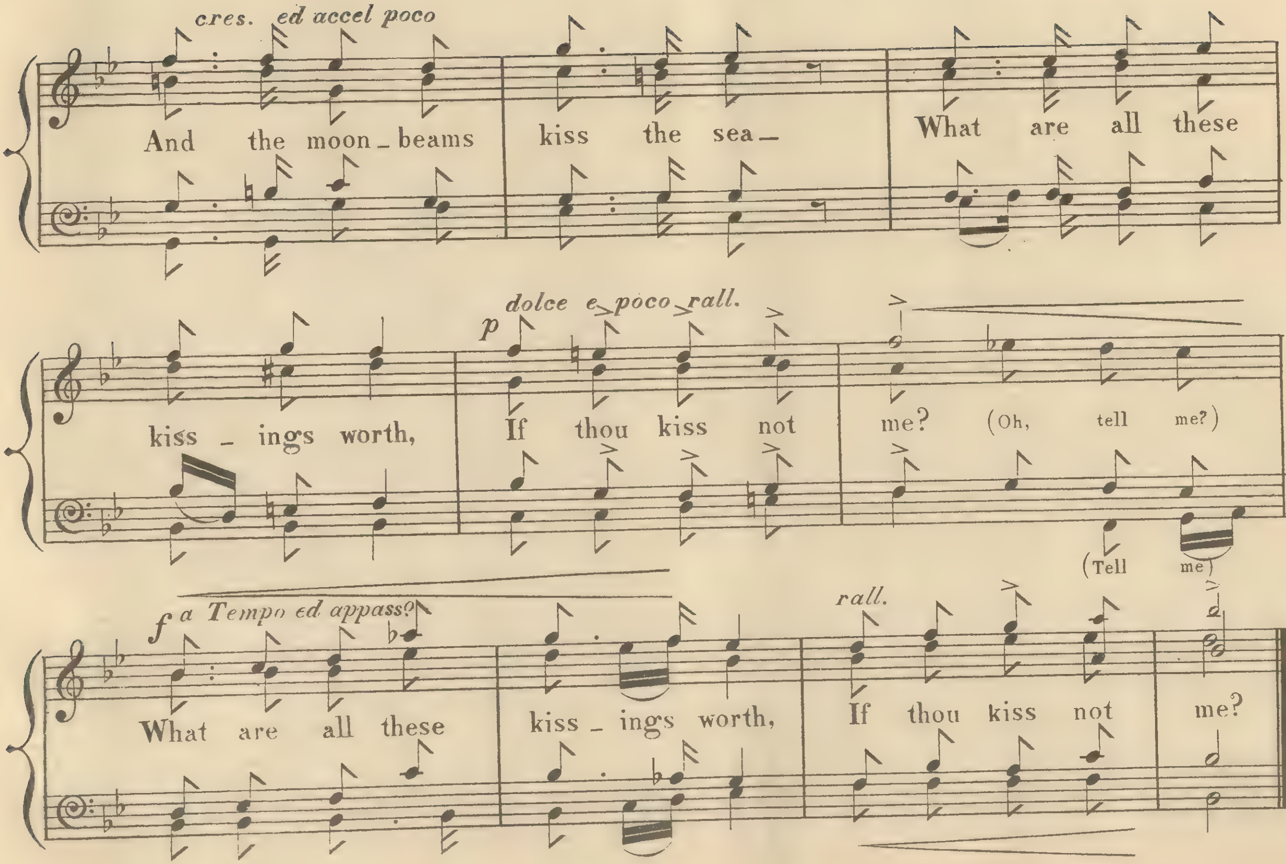
Words by Shelley. H. S. Oakeley, Op. 17, Nº 4.

Moderato. *M. M.* ♪ = 100.



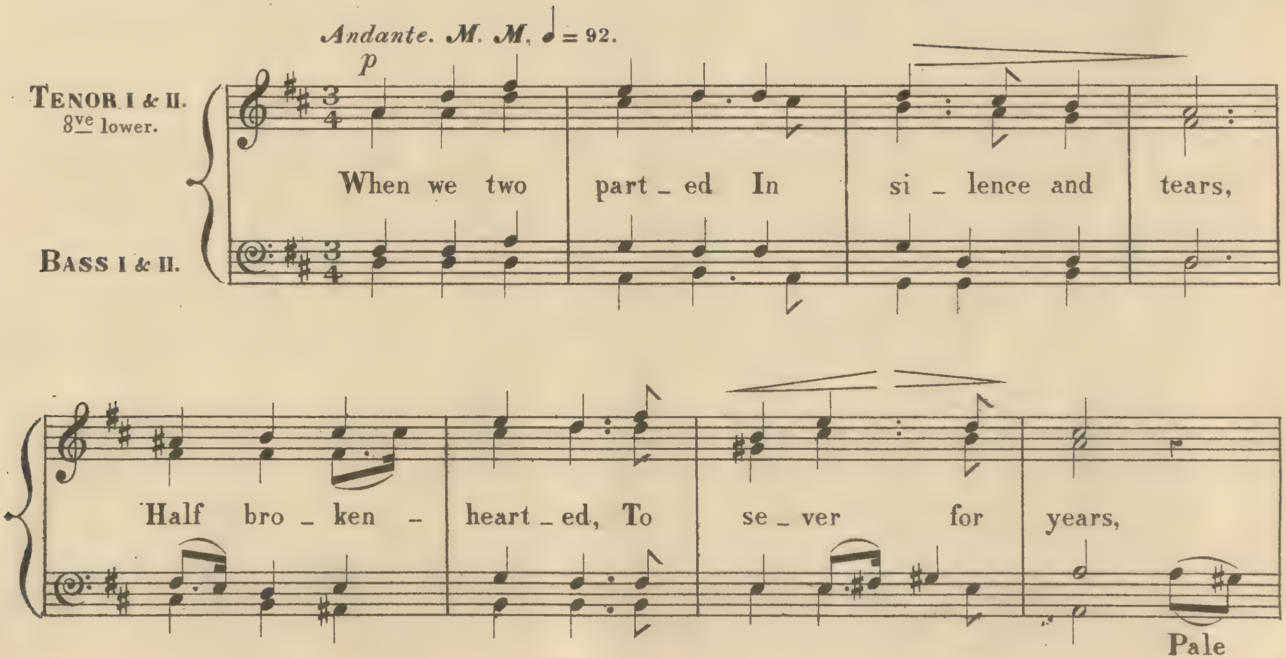

cres.
p
f
No_thing in the world is sin_gle, All things by a law di_vine
dolce e poco rall.
p
In one an_o_ther's be_ing mingle_ Why not I with thine? (Oh why not?)
(why not)
a Tempo ed appass°
f
rall
In one an_o_ther's be_ing min_gle_ Why not I with thine?
V. S.

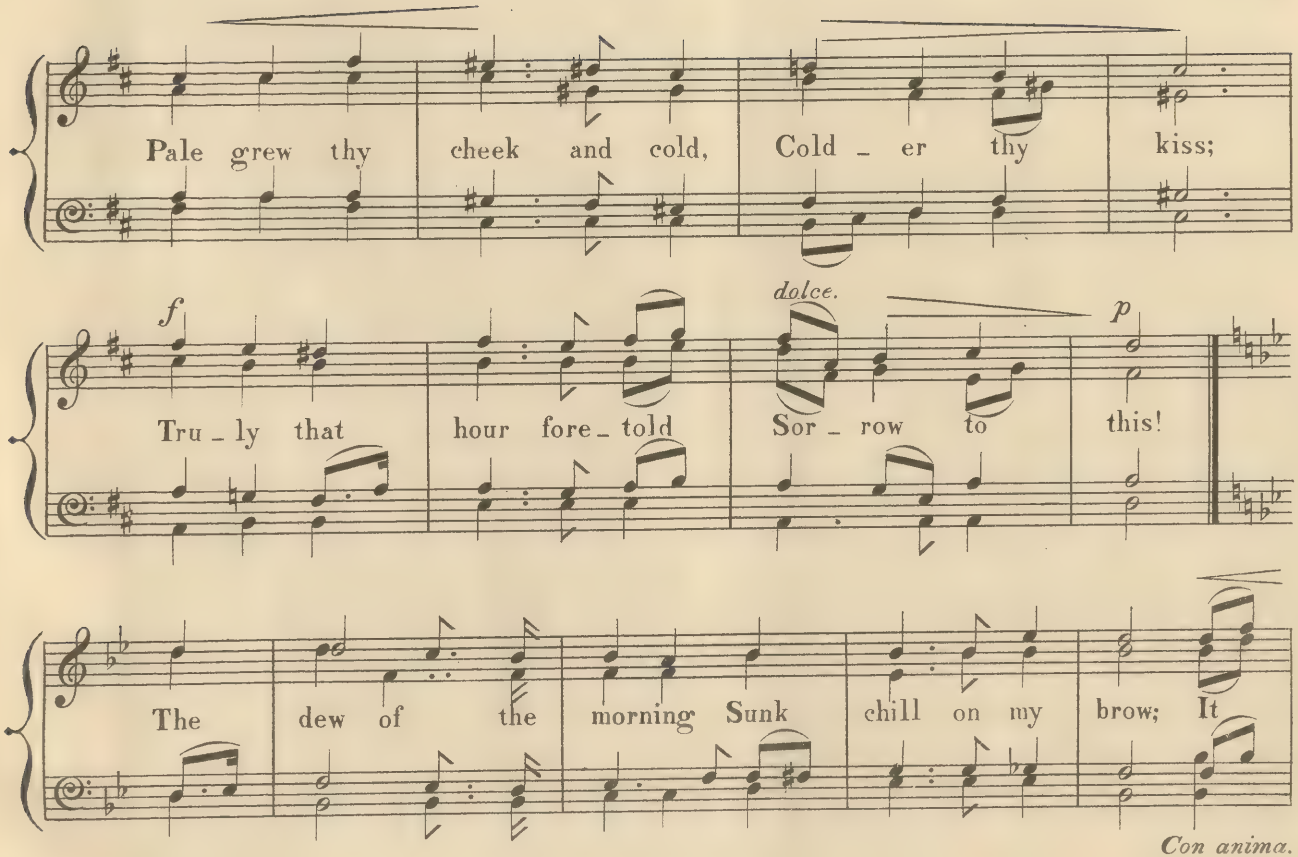

mf
V. 2. See the moun_tains kiss high hea_ven, And the waves
clasp one an_o_ther; No sis_ter-flow'r would be_ for_giv_en
f
If it disdain'd its bro_ther:
mf
And the sunlight clasps the earth,

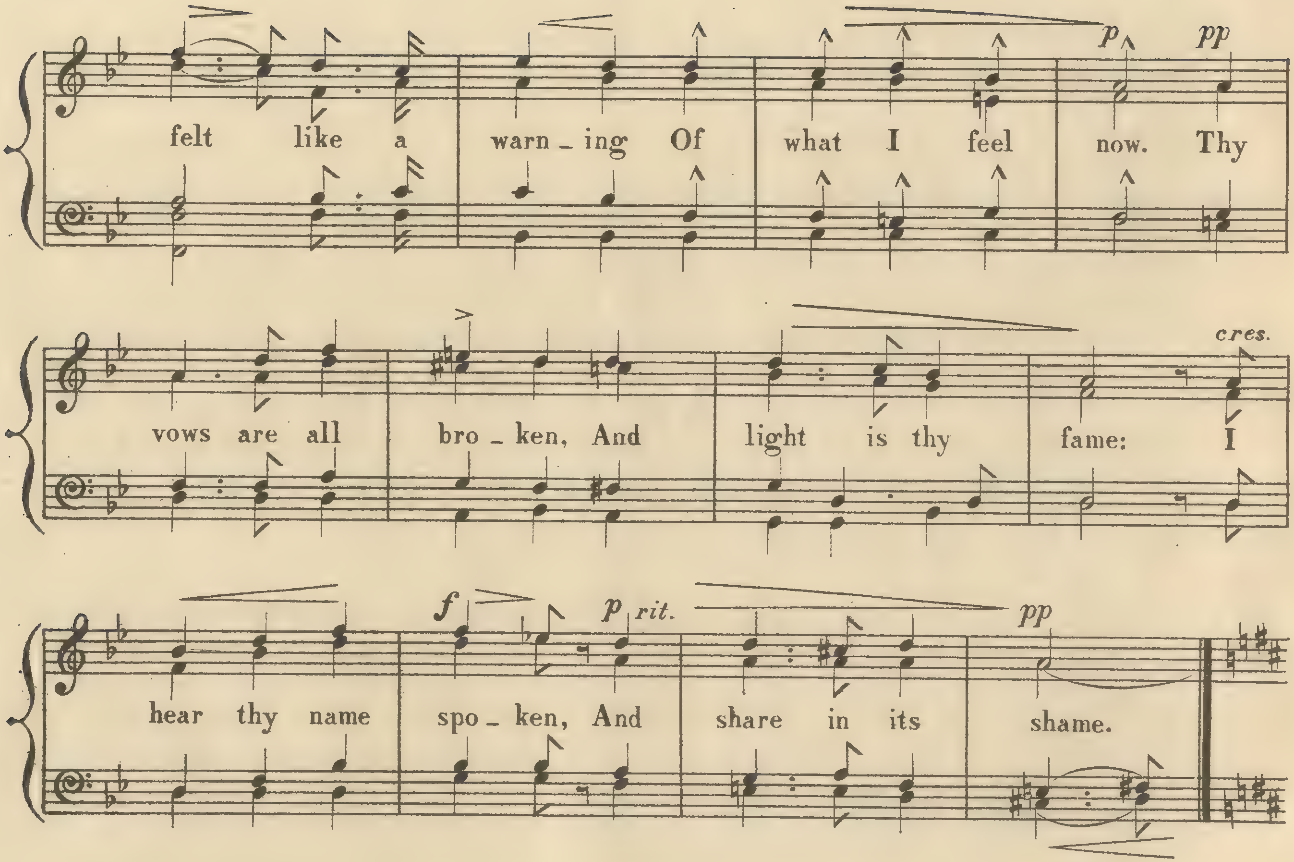

cres. ed accel poco
And the moon - beams kiss the sea -
What are all these
kiss - ings worth,
dolce e poco rall.
p
If thou kiss not me? (Oh, tell me?)
(Tell me)
f a Tempo ed appass.o
What are all these kiss - ings worth,
rall.
If thou kiss not me?

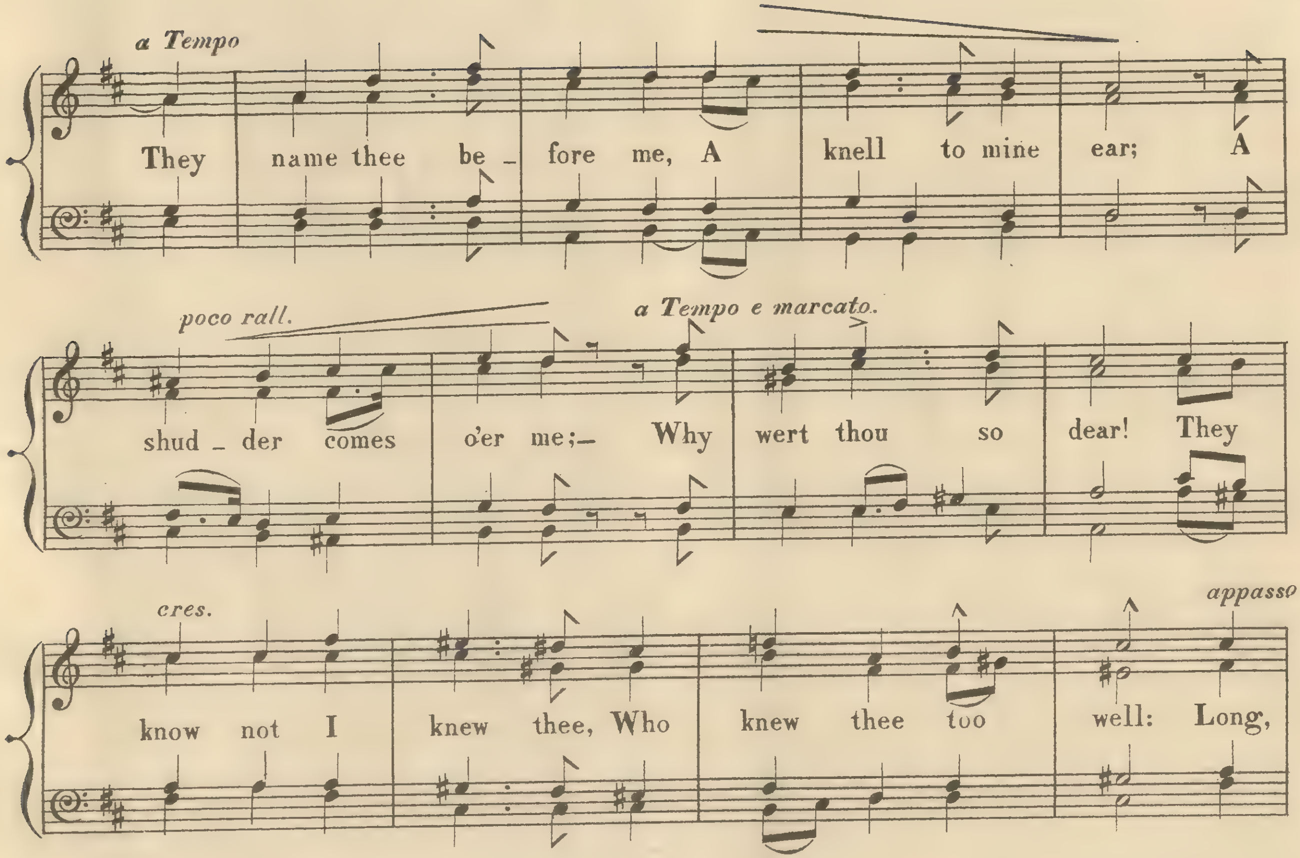
PARTING.

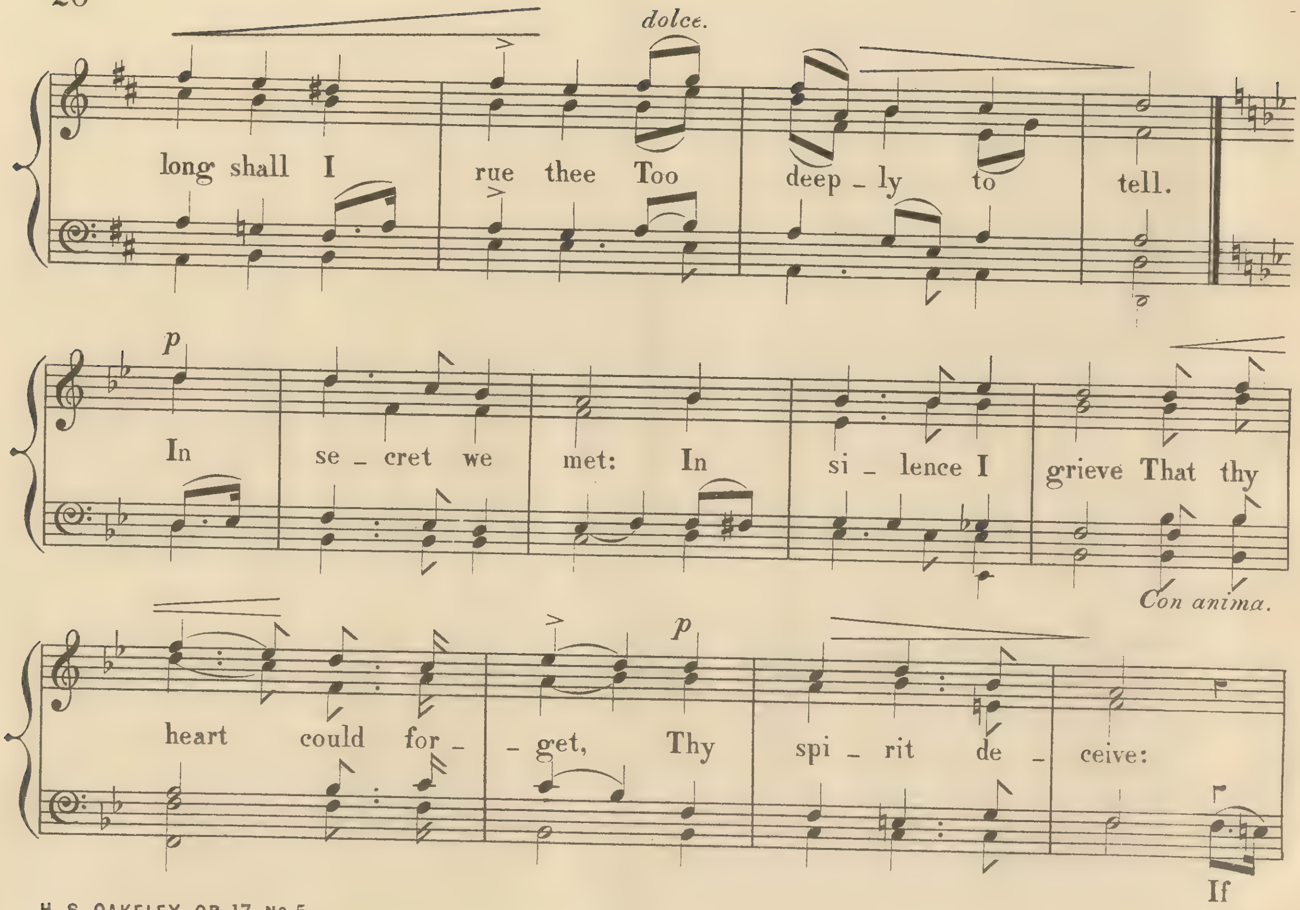
Words by Lord Byron. H. S. Oakeley, Op. 17. № 5.

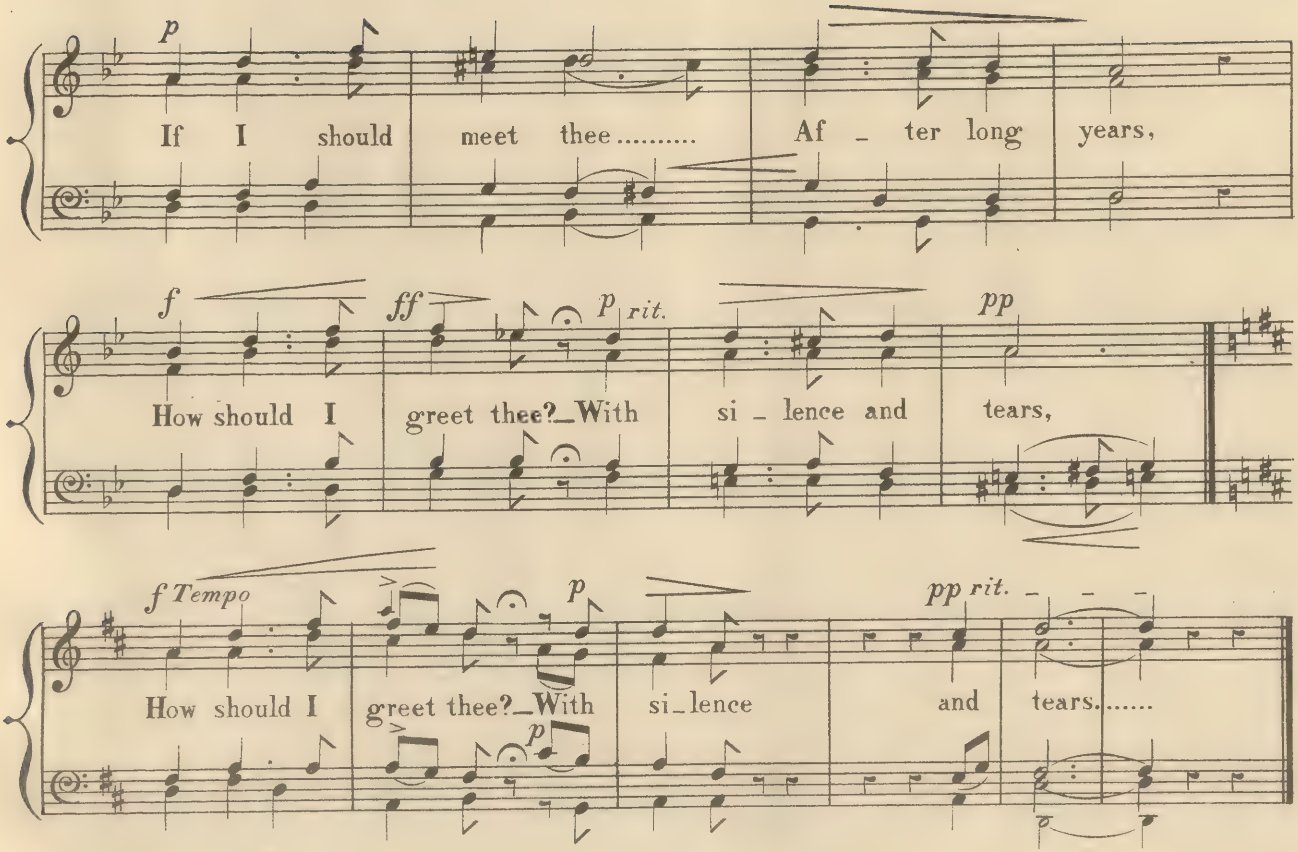



Pale grew thy cheek and cold, Cold _ er thy kiss;
f
Tru _ ly that hour fore _ told
dolce.
Sor _ row to this!
p
The dew of the morning Sunk chill on my brow; It
Con anima.


p pp
felt like a warn - ing Of what I feel now. Thy
cres.
vows are all bro - ken, And light is thy fame: I
f p rit. pp
hear thy name spo - ken, And share in its shame.


a Tempo
They name thee be - fore me, A knell to mine ear; A
poco rall.
a Tempo e marcato.
shud - der comes o'er me;— Why wert thou so dear! They
cres.
appass°
know not I knew thee, Who knew thee too well: Long,


dolce.
long shall I rue thee Too deep - ly to tell.
p
In se - cret we met: In si - lence I grieve That thy
Con anima.
heart could for - - get, Thy spi - rit de - ceive:
p
If



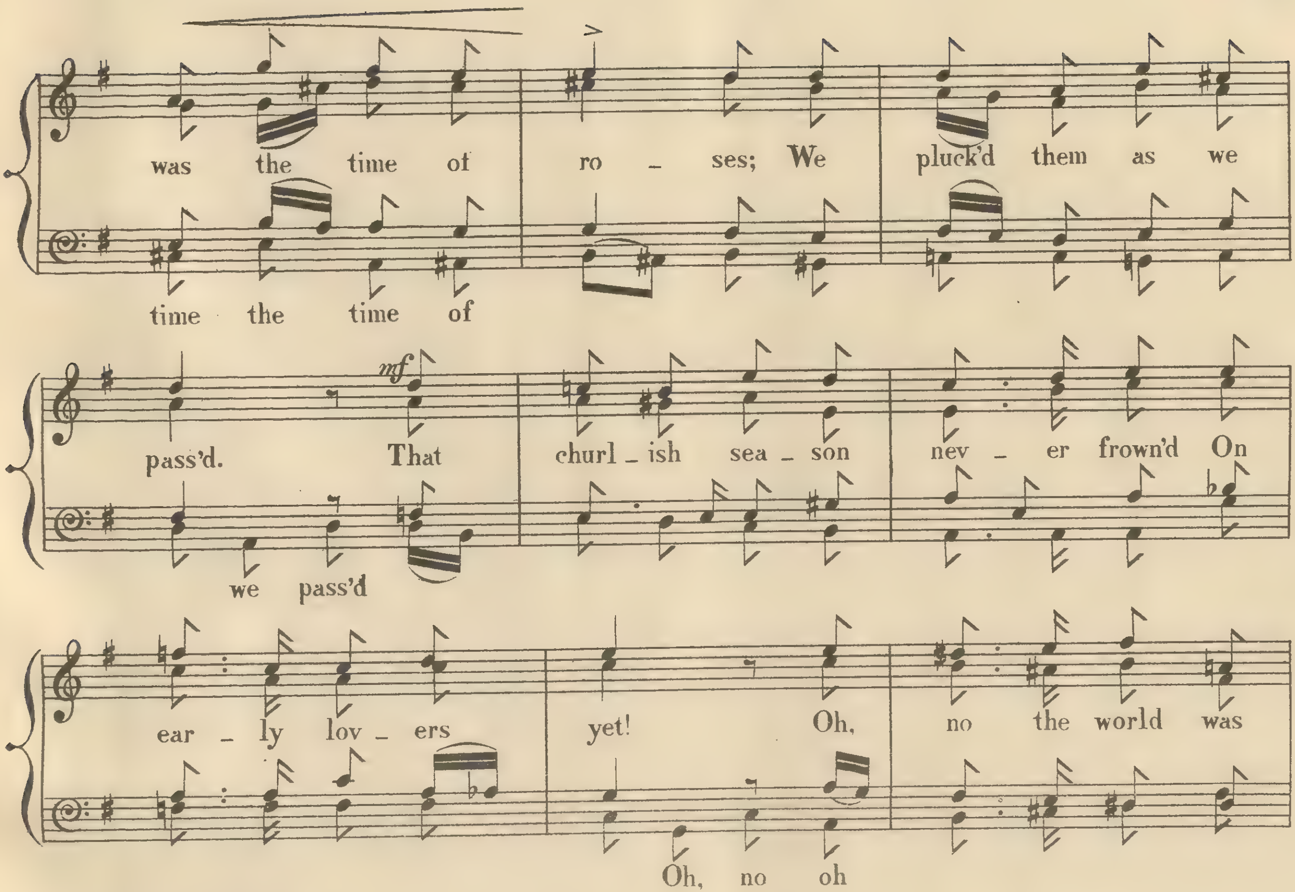
H. S. OAKELEY, OP. 17. Nº 5.

THE TIME OF ROSES.

(BAGATELLE.)

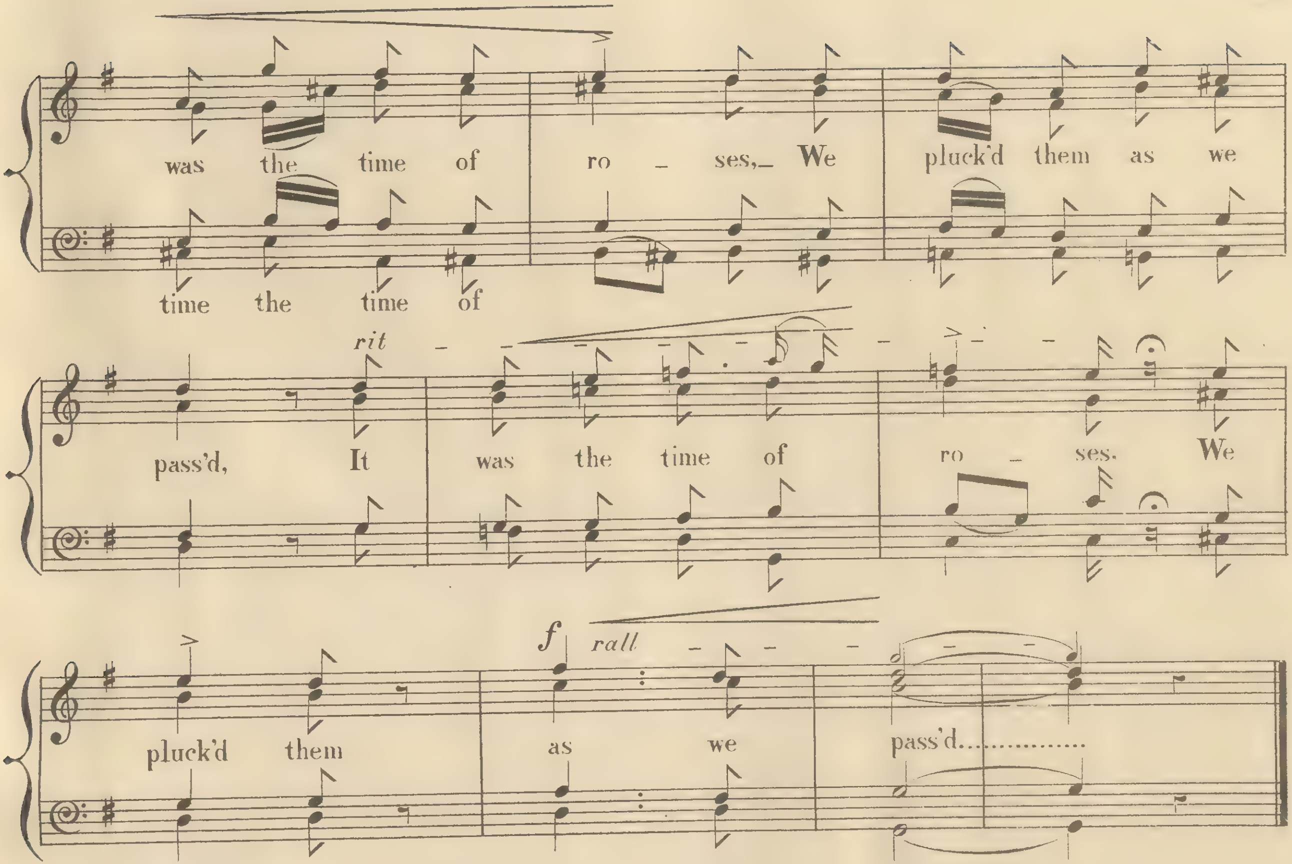
Words by T. Hood. H. S. Oakeley, Op. 17, No. 6.




was the time of ro - ses; We pluck'd them as we
time the time of
pass'd. That churl - ish sea - son nev - er frown'd On
we pass'd
ear - ly lov - ers yet! Oh, no the world was
Oh, no oh
mf



H. S. OAKELEY OP 17, Nº 6.


was the time of ro – ses,– We pluck'd them as we
time the time of
rit
pass'd, It was the time of ro – ses. We
f
rall
pluck'd them as we pass'd...............